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AT THE CROSSROADS

The South's Economy

by R. W. Faulhaber

FROM ARGENTINA

Peron's Successors

by Jaime Potenze

FATHER VINCENT LEBBE

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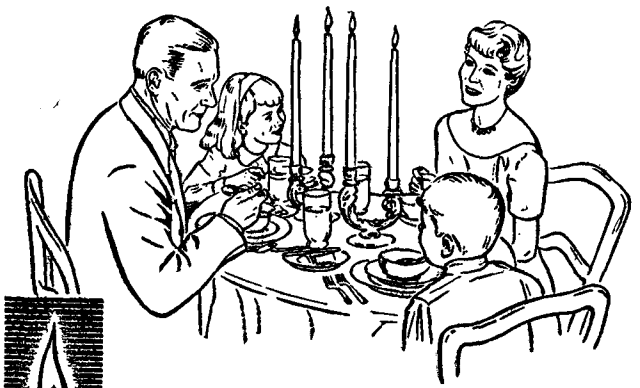

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

EMBATTLED SUEZ

HISTORY has few more convincing lessons than its repeated demonstrations of the perils of changing policy in mid-flight. President Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal furnishes a particularly bitter reminder. The economic and other doubts about the workability of the giant Aswan Dam project were as strong seven months ago, when Britain and the United States offered to help finance its construction, as they were the other day when these two nations suddenly withdrew their original offer. In the interim Mr. Nasser had been trying to drive a harder bargain and appeared to have been counting on the threat of Soviet competition to raise the ante. When Mr. Shepilov gave some indication that the USSR might not participate, the United States formally withdrew, expressing doubt in terms that were very thinly veiled that Egypt was able to carry out such a project.

Admittedly Mr. Nasser has been anything but easy for Western diplomats to deal with, especially at a time of armed tension over Palestine and with the resentments and aspirations of the world's colonial peoples, whom he seeks to represent, at a fever pitch. Suddenly to abandon a project of such psychological importance to the resentful Egyptian people, and on grounds that deeply wounded national pride, placed Colonel Nasser in a desperate position. Moreover, the timing could hardly have been worse. It had even been noted in Britain in the past few weeks that the irascible Egyptian leader was becoming more reasonable; now he has been provoked beyond measure. What is substantially more serious is that Mr. Nasser is about to visit Moscow in person and, now that the possibility of British and American assistance is at least temporarily removed, he will have to make whatever aid agreement he can on Moscow's terms. Could there be a surer way of heightening the Kremlin's bargaining power and of handing the Soviet Union a strong foothold in the Middle East?

NO DOUBT British and French oil supplies constitute the biggest single stake in Suez, as two-thirds of their petroleum imports flow through this vital artery. The possibility of stoppages and delays, and of prohibitive rates, cannot but gravely hamper these two key American allies. But the Suez Canal also serves as the route for nine-tenths of our rubber imports from the Far East, three-fifths of the tin used in the United States, a third of the manganese and enough oil to mean that shipping space would have to be increased by one quarter if tankers had to take the longer and more costly route around the Cape of Good Hope.

These are some of the stakes involved in the dispute with President Nasser and control of the Suez Canal. To condemn his clearly high-handed, unilateral action and the intemperance of his language will not change that; to expect to dislodge him now by a show of armed force would be folly. Economic sanctions are hardly equal to that task, and the UN and World Court offer little hope of redress in this instance. In a difficult situation a blunder of the first magnitude has been committed and it will be months before things calm down to the point that a new beginning may be attempted.

IN CONCLUSION, instead of discussing whether or not ideally the Canal should be administered internationally for the good of the nations of the world, let us return to the Aswan Dam project which precipitated the Canal seizure. Its object is to create a reservoir big enough to put two million

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more acres of Egyptian land under permanent cultivation in such a way that each year's crop could be predicted. The boon that this would represent for Egypt's starving millions is incalculable. At the same time it would nearly double Egypt's supply of electricity just when that nation is striving to set up industries that will greatly increase output per worker. Is it any wonder, since Mr. Nasser has nurtured the Aswan Dam idea as a symbol of emergence from colonialism and of Egyptian national revival, that American and British withdrawal from the scheme therefore led to the unleashing of the furies?

What needed to be done was to stick to substantially the original offer regardless of Soviet blandishments and Nasser threats. For the United States an initial grant of fifty-six millions was involved, hardly an excessive sum considering the stakes. This would have provided hope to the impoverished. If the necessary agreement could then have been concluded between Egypt and the Sudan, it would soon have provided much gainful employment as well. Whether these jobs and the prospects of food and power would have made up for the austerities required of an already impoverished people remains problematical. It was worth a serious try. It seems even less likely that President Nasser can realize the desired sums from the profits of the Canal. But we now have the satisfaction of knowing that by backing out on Aswan we have alienated large segments of the Arab world.

DAME LAURENTIA AND "BROTHER BERNARD"

GEORGE Bernard Shaw remains, six years after his death, the controversial figure he was during his long career. The celebration—if such it can be termed—of the one hundredth anniversary of his birth produced, in England, almost as many thoughts on Shaw as Shaw had himself. And there was a spate of conflicting judgments and opinions that he would have found familiar. Critics, playwrights, historians, and the "common reader," friends and strangers, the old and the young—all had a comment to offer.

In the *Observer*, A. J. P. Taylor, the well-known historian, wrote that Shaw's plays had only debate, no dramatic tension, and that he had "nothing to say." Kenneth Tynan, the drama critic, added further critical comments. In the *New Statesman* and *Nation*, J. B. Priestley suggested that Shaw's plays had "dated" as much as they ever will, that the works of his middle age are his best and that his comedy puts him among the world's great dramatists. Mr. Colin Wilson, the twenty-four-year-old author of *The Outsider*, a much-touted, much-discussed book in England, said that the last act of Shaw's *Methuselah*, a late play, would be an obsession with the next generation of young writers.

Much debate still turns on the question of whether Shaw was primarily an artist or a pamphleteer. Desmond MacCarthy once said that Shaw was nothing but "a chaos of clear ideas." The phrase is telling enough to account for the ease with which differing critics can find in Shaw statements to support their particular positions.

This centenary year not only showed that no generally acceptable view of Shaw has yet emerged; it saw the publication of letters that will postpone the rendering. For Shaw's letters to Dame Laurentia McLachlan, the Abbess of Stanbrook, clearly reveal another aspect of his character.

Dame Laurentia had been an enclosed nun for forty years when Shaw was introduced to her in 1924, the year of his *St. Joan*. Each quickly responded to the charm, wit and lively intellect of the other. Between Dame Laurentia and "Brother Bernard," as Shaw designated himself, opinions and arguments were exchanged until Shaw's death. They argued, of course, about religion, and when Shaw published *The Black Girl* there was a serious breach that was healed only through a highly comic misunderstanding.

The letters, which Dame Laurentia kept, reveal a part of Shaw that could be grateful for the prayers of the nuns of Stanbrook. "Do not forget me in them," he once wrote. And in his last letter, which preserves the Shavian tone, he wrote "God must be tired of all these prayers for this fellow Shaw whom He doesn't half like. He has promised His Servant Laurentia that He will do His best for him, and we had better leave it at that."

The letters will please all Shaw enthusiasts even if they make more difficult that balanced estimate which the controversial playwright has so long escaped.

NEXT WEEK

JACOB K. JAVITS, Attorney-General of New York State, discusses the issues of the coming Presidential campaign as a Republican sees them. A Democratic view of the campaign issues is presented by SENATOR PAUL H. DOUGLAS and HOWARD E. SHUMAN.

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CATHOLICS AND POLITICAL OFFICE

A PROMINENT Protestant clergyman stated in a recent sermon that he could not vote for a Roman Catholic to be either President or Vice President of the United States. The Reverend Doctor Hampton Adams, who has held influential positions in the National Council of the Churches of Christ as well as in his own denomination, the Disciples of Christ, stated: "I would like to vote for a Roman Catholic for either one of the two highest offices in our government as I would vote for a Presbyterian or a Methodist, that is, solely on his personal qualifications and the political platform on which he runs. This I cannot do because of the authority the Roman Catholic Church holds over its members."

In giving his reasons for fearing the "authority" of the Church, Dr. Adams said that Protestants "have the obligation to ask how Roman Catholic attitudes and practices that are evident elsewhere would affect this country if the Roman Church were to get a stronger political position." He then cited, both as examples of his fears and arguments for his position, the recent closing by police of the Protestant seminary in Madrid and "obstacles" to Protestant churches in "Italy, Colombia and other countries where the Roman Church controls the machinery of government."

This position and its underlying reasoning, stated with such clarity and sincerity by Doctor Adams, is the position of many other American Protestants. It is a position based, not on intolerance and prejudice, but on a basic misunderstanding of the nature and extent of the Church's much-feared "authority" as well as on a misconception of how the Church functions within the American framework.

Thus, to Doctor Adams' question of "whether the demands that the Roman Church makes upon its members affect the ability of any one of these members to fill the office of President," we can and must answer, "Most certainly not." No truly authoritative statement of the Church's doctrine can be produced to show the contrary, and American history provides no examples of how "the demands the Roman Church makes upon its members" has affected the ability of Catholic senators, representatives, Supreme Court justices, state governors or legislators, mayors, aldermen, judges or tax collectors to fill their office. The offices of President and Vice President of the United States do not pose some special problem; they represent a difference of degree, but not of kind, from the other political offices cited.

It is, perhaps, this inability to support their fear of the Church's authority by reference to the American situation that leads Doctor Adams and those who share his views to support their fears for America by pointing to Spain, Italy, "Colombia and other countries where the Roman Church controls the machinery of government." It must be pointed out that the Church nowhere controls the machinery of government; in Italy, the election returns speak for themselves; in Spain, Colombia "and other countries" the opposite is more nearly the case—the government threatens to control the "machinery" of the Church.

But even if Dr. Adams' assumption of such Church-dominated governments in Spain and Latin America *were* true, his further assumptions would still not be. For he assumes that the relations between Church and State in these countries are approved by American Catholics as an official body, are determined by Catholic doctrine, and are a blueprint of what American Catholics would probably desire to bring about in the United States if the "Roman Church were to get a stronger political position."

Not one of these assumptions is true. The Catholic Church is the established religion in Spain and certain other countries, just as the Lutheran Church is the established religion in Sweden, let us say, or as Judaism is the established religion of Israel. Such establishments of religion are dependent upon specific circumstances within the countries, and, although they need not, do often involve restrictions on the freedom of other religions, as is the case in Spain, Sweden and Israel. Many American Catholics regret these restrictions in Spain, and have not hesitated to say so, just as many American Lutherans regret the restrictions in Sweden and many American Jews regret the restrictions in Israel.

Further, if those who fear the political power of the Church in America insist on turning their attention away from America, they might consider the fact that restrictions on other religions are not to be found in other dominantly Catholic countries such as Ireland, the Philippines and Belgium.

It is with no intention of sarcasm that we say, finally, that American Catholics have not questioned the ability of Protestants to hold political office, although they might just as validly have applied Doctor Adams' argument and queried of Protestants, as he does of Catholics, "how attitudes and practices that are evident elsewhere would affect this country," since the United States is the only dominantly Protestant country that has never had an establishment of some Protestant church.

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This last fact indicates that it is unprofitable and unnecessary to look abroad to find out answers to the religio-political questions of the United States. As American Catholics, we can answer the questions of Doctor Adams with as deep a sincerity as that with which he asked them. In the event that a Roman Catholic should ever be nominated for President or Vice President of the United States, Doctor Adams could vote for him as he "would vote for a Presbyterian or a Methodist, that is, solely on his personal qualifications and the political platform on which he runs." In such an event, that is exactly how the great majority of American Catholics would vote.

EISENHOWER AS HOBSON

THERE IS a great gap between the seventeenth century and our own, and little resemblance between the Eisenhower administration and the Cambridge of Milton's time. But the problem involved in selecting the Republican candidate for the GOP Vice Presidency brings the two together.

When John Milton attended Cambridge it was customary for the student to go to the stables and pick the horse of his choice. At least it was until Hobson came along. When he became hostler, he gave each student, despite choice, complaint or insult, the horse that stood next in line. Before long, the phrase "Hobson's choice" became a pleasant euphemism to describe a situation in which there was no choice.

The situation for the Republicans is much like that which the Cambridge students faced. The stable of contenders for the Vice Presidency is fairly large, and their abilities and interests vary considerably. But first in line stands Richard Nixon. The only difficulty is that President Eisenhower has not yet shown whether he wishes to play the role of Hobson.

Harold Stassen obviously thought that there was more freedom of choice than actually existed. For when he suggested Governor Herter of Massachusetts, he was soon discouraged. In fact, when Governor Herter said that he would "consider it a privilege to nominate Dick Nixon at the Republican National Convention in San Francisco," it must have been for Mr. Stassen much as if the horse of his choice had selected another for the big race.

The situation, then, does have its comic elements. But Stassen's seeming defeat does not remove the problem. The position of the Vice Presidency is more obviously important than at any time in the past; there is dissension and honest difference within the Republican Party—dissension which is suppressed but not removed.

It seems probable now that Richard Nixon will be the Republican candidate for the office of Vice President. And President Eisenhower will have played the role of Hobson—but without the hostler's firmness or clear acknowledgment that "Hobson's choice" did not rest on an honest comparison of the abilities of available candidates.

PASSING OF THE PULLMAN?

IT WAS some ninety years ago that George Mortimer Pullman began converting day coaches into sleepers at Chicago, Ill. Since then pullman travel by night and day has grown to be a distinctively American institution of widespread popularity. But the handwriting is on the wall. The competition of superhighways and commercial airlines is taking its toll in these days of increasing costs, particularly as many railroads are greatly weighed down by fixed charges. Accordingly, the New York Central and the Pennsylvania, the two largest passenger-carrying railroads, are making the first move. They are seeking permission to price themselves out of the first-class-passenger market. In time the prospective voyager will be limited to the choice of low-fare railway coach or bus travel, flying, or driving his own car. And those who will lament the passing of the amenities of the pullman car will be many.

POVERTY AND PLENTY

AMERICANS are inclined to think of the farm question as a domestic problem, possibly even as purely a partisan issue in an election year. But in reality the American farmer and the consumer are only feeling the pinch of a world-wide phenomenon, as a recently issued report of the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization makes clear.

This report, in effect, was a restatement of an old problem. There is no overpopulation in an absolute sense of the word, but there is a serious malfunctioning of the world's present social, political, and economic machinery, and this prevents those who are hungry in some countries from receiving the abundance that is going to waste in others. It is to the reform of these institutions that our primary efforts in this field must be directed. Even in terms of national self-interest, it is clear that we must share our "abundance" with the needy nations.

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The South's Economy

"IT MUST BE BORNE IN MIND THAT THE SOUTH'S RELATIVE GAIN HAS HALTED; HER FUTURE IS IN SERIOUS DOUBT"

R. W. FAULHABER

MANY ARE aware that the South is enjoying a much publicized industrial growth which is to end its status as a colonial region, give it an independent yet integrated place in the national economy and, seemingly, end the great economic divide between North and South. But the public's impression of this fundamental change, with all its possible social repercussions, is based on spotty, sensational reporting of facts and what amounts to local booster-type propaganda.

To understand the economic "Americanization" of the South one must recall the region as the blot on the nation's economic record it was and, to a large extent, still is. It is, in fact, precisely because of retarded industrialization that the South's present growth appears phenomenal and gives rise to the view that it is rapidly catching up with the non-South.

One could take any date from the Civil War to World War II and paint an honestly bleak picture of the Southern economy. The earlier the date, of course, the stronger would be the impression of a feudal agricultural social-economy that is impoverished and dying. But even in the period just prior to the second world war the South, rich as it is in population and natural resources, was poor in converting this wealth to the use of its people. With twenty-eight per cent of the nation's population, for instance, it had only seventeen per cent of the workers in manufacturing, and sixteen per cent of the tangible assets, including factories, machines and the tools with which people make their living. With more than half of the country's farmers, the South had less than a fifth of the farm implements and paid about three-fifths of the nation's fertilizer bill. Her soil was badly eroded and was depleted well beyond the average for the Middle West. Her per capita annual income payments were a shade over half of those in the rest of the country. This is what Franklin Roosevelt then described as "the Nation's No. 1 economic problem."

The countless diagnoses of the South's ills cover many factors, from the destruction of material and human values during the Civil War to the lowly hookworm. But these factors were symptoms rather than causes. Gunnar Myrdal's conclusion is still convincing: "the explanation for the economic backwardness of the South must be carried down to the rigid institutional structure of the economic life of the region which, historically, is derived from slavery and, psychologically, is rooted in the minds of the people."

WITH World War II, however, the South broke with much of the past. Socially, it is safe to say the war gave extra impetus to long-run forces for change while, economically, sharp changes occurred immediately.

The most striking feature was the jump in per capita annual income payments from a half to just about two-thirds of the non-South's, along with a narrowing of the spread among the Southern states. On any basis of measurement, government income payments were the most important factor; they increased from one-eighth to one-fourth of the South's income. Manufacturing employment increased by one-half, about as much as in the non-South, but Southern wages rose more than those in the non-South. Fortunately for the South, upgrading and federal regulations tended to raise rates in its low-wage industries. This was compounded with a boom in war-production industries and new armament plants which created a labor shortage unusual in the South. There was a twenty-five fold increase in employment in shipbuilding and aircraft construction alone. A conservative guess as to the increase in the South's effective industrial capacity would be about forty per cent.

This rise in income was concomitant with a twenty-five per cent decline in farm population, notable for its low income, and a decrease in the number of tenant farmers. And under the stimuli of high incomes and the man-power shortage the South began in earnest to mechanize agriculture. It was only a beginning, but the South was gaining on the rest of the nation.

The end of the War and reconversion, despite the slowing down of government spending, did not destroy

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the gain of the war years. But in terms of income the South did not continue to gain: per capita income payments have remained at just under two-thirds of the non-South's with little variation up or down. Insofar as shifts in population have any effect, they work in favor of a continued gain for the South. So the war jumped the South to a new income plateau, where it has remained—still well below the non-South.

WHAT, THEN, is all the shouting about? Why do "statistics on the South ring like a rebel yell?" "On an average of once every working day for three years after Japan's surrender, ground was broken for a new multimillion-dollar plant in Dixie." What is usually not stressed is that the entire nation is booming, setting new records, too. In the non-South, new factories, higher wages, "sky-rocketing" sales, fewer farmers, etc. are welcome but taken in stride, for they are not shaking the foundations of a backward agricultural society.

To be sure, there are some relative gains for the South. While the Middle Atlantic states and New England lost a share of the nation's factory jobs since the war, the South gained. About two-thirds of this gain was in the South's West (Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana) and more specifically along the Gulf Coast where a technological boom in petro-chemicals has occurred and continues. The South's record on capital expenditures for new plants and equipment, however, is better than for manufacturing jobs. Its share rose by four per cent, but again this was due largely to events in Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, with less significant increases for the South Atlantic states. And in this case Florida's special boom tends to brighten the general picture. The South Central portion is barely maintaining its industrial gains. At the worst, then, the South lost none of its progress compared to the non-South, and certain areas within the South show clear signs of doing better.

This comparative analysis, indicating the relative position of the second New South, must not be allowed to hide the impact of the *absolute* changes in the South. After all, the South's income did keep pace with the rise elsewhere, and the region has been getting more than its share of investment spending. The absolute change that this represents and its start from a very low level (which alone makes any upward change very important) has made the South feel, to say the least, buoyant. Mississippi, the *worst* possible example, had per capita income payments of $204 in 1940, $589 in 1945, and $834 in 1953 (all South, respectively: $340, $849 and $1218; non-South: $667, $1325 and $1891). It feels it has made progress—even deflating for a doubling in the cost of living—and it has. This absolute improvement in Mississippi and the greater gains in other Southern states *do* add up to something of a revolution.

The changes mean the rural South is becoming increasingly urban, as is the rest of America. Its cities, especially those along the Gulf Coast, are drawing in people from the back country. A surplus of farm population will plague the South to a much smaller extent in the future. Areas hundreds of square miles in size without a factory are becoming more and more rare. As the great corporations with nationwide interests continue their investments in the South, a strong force will be exerted to break down Southern sectionalism. As per capita income rises, a new middle class, less bound by past patterns of thought and living, can appear; its interests will be similar to those of the Northern cities' middle classes. This change is already being detected in many Southern cities today. The political revolt of 1952 in Texas and Louisiana has an obvious economic base and may in due time spread elsewhere to create a two-party system in the South. Even if the Democratic Party remains in control, it will have to recognize that it represents the interests of an industrialized South.

IT IS difficult to evaluate the meaning of the South's economic changes, and hazardous to estimate the effect of these changes upon the Southern Negro. It may well be that prosperity in the Northern cities rather than in the South is most important. Negro migrants to Chicago, for example—estimates vary from 2,000 to 3,000 or more per month—are attracted by job opportunities and wages higher than the South can offer; few migrate because of segregation. This influx, originally stimulated by the war, continues relatively unabated. The typical migrant is just off a Southern farm, and the problem of employment for displaced farm labor due to continued mechanization, especially in cotton, is thus partially solved. This problem could be quite severe given the very small relative growth in factory employment and little new penetration into job categories since the war.

The average monetary income of Negro families in the South has more than doubled in terms of money and there have been small but important real increases. If we can discount the fact that some Negroes felt the

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need to migrate, one of the most important advantages up till now has been almost full employment for Negro labor. This is even more important than real income gains; but it can be wiped out with the first effects of a depression.

Questionable gains are to be seen, too, in strong indications that the Northern type of white-Negro relationship is developing in the South. The old personal, but always inferior, relation is giving way to the non-personal, superficially equal relation of the North. The Negro domestic, attached to the family, is becoming a rarity; with the rise in wages, it is a question of being able to afford a luxury. The urban Negro communities are structured to a greater extent in isolation from the whites, which means the Negro finds opportunity, status and recognition in his own social system. The Negro banker may be black, but he must be dealt with as a banker in his business dealings with whites. One day it may be the 'Dam-Yankees' who will tell the South how and how *not* to handle race relations.

BUT FOR all this ferment, the South is again at the crossroads. The first New South following the Reconstruction had placed her hopes in an industrialized economy; an income half that of the North was the result. The last war gave the South another fresh start, and hopes are now even higher. The progress of the South cannot be denied, but the income level of the South cannot remain as far behind that of the North as it now is. The South's West still shows basic signs of relative growth but not the South proper.

The South's problem is not to "lure" more industry to itself, for less than one per cent of its expansion represents "pirated" industry. Its real growth came from *new* industry because of resources in petroleum, chemicals, water; cheap power; relatively cheap and abundant labor; little union organization; low taxes and even tax exemptions; free plants and land. As a growing market for finished goods, it attracted new industry, and as the nation's population shifted westward the South in effect came closer to the national market.

Some of these advantages remain, but indications are strong that the South as a section is losing its general attractiveness. More and more, new industry must undertake a careful "pin-pointing" of its prospective home—the "grass is greener" now only in spots. What was once a surplus-labor, low-wage area changes over-night or will in from three to five years; taxes once low or non-existent are rising and exemptions are being outlawed by some State Legislatures; the municipal bond issue for the new factory is being seen as the over-burdening of small towns; labor is organizing, and in some localities unions have obtained fringe benefits superior to those in the North; Yankee managers have had a tendency to quit and go home for various reasons. These may be but straws in the wind, but again it must be borne in mind that the South's relative gain has halted; her economic future is in serious doubt.

The recent surfacing of racial tensions is not, however, as some writers have intimated, a serious menace to new industry. This problem has always figured among many negative factors in the decision to locate in the South. The very few cases one can cite, chiefly cases where a transfer of Northern personnel plus families was involved, are not at all significant with respect to the total. Too, a factor that may operate even more strongly in the other direction is a breakaway of the Southern AFL-CIO locals, fomented by the White Citizens Councils as the Northern leadership expresses itself in favor of desegregation. Organizational drives are already being halted, and there are threats of a "Southern Federation of Labor" which would more than likely be a low-wage federation, not pressing for equal wages with the North, and would entail a perversion of the aims and power of the labor movement to the cause of bigotry.

However desirable it might be, my guess is that the South will not close up the income gap between North and South in the near future, because Myrdal's conclusion is still valid. The "rigid institutional structure of the economic life of the region"—"derived from slavery"—has been shaken, but it is still rigid and deeply "rooted in the minds of the people." Overcoming this factor will take time—and a great deal of doing. In this heritage from the past lies the challenge to both the present and the future of the South's economy.

AN APPEAL

Father Joseph Taffarel, S. J., of Fatima Mission, Thavam P. O., North Malabar, India, seeks funds to avert starvation for his destitute flock. He finds himself almost wholly without funds and at the same time so deeply in debt that the local rice merchant threatens to cut off the mission's food supply. For the time being, therefore, Father Taffarel has had to postpone his plans for his Blessed Martin Home and relinquish his efforts to meet the acute housing problem in his locality in South India. He says of his urgent need: "I have not even enough money to buy rice—our daily food, three times a day—for myself and for my many orphans and destitute dependents," a number of them aged and ill. Contributions to buy rice may be sent care of Jesuit Missions, 962 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. o directly to Father Taffarel himself (airmail postage 25¢).

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Peron's Successors

JAIME POTENZE

WHEN GENERAL Lonardi fell on November 13, less than two months after assuming power, there was a general feeling of both relief and worry. The relief came from the disappearance of the nationalist members of his cabinet, and the worry stemmed from the power acquired by the Socialists. Lonardi himself is believed to have been a fine man, who was strongly influenced by his brother-in-law, Clemente Villada Achaval, a staunch nationalist, and by ministers who were suspected of being nationalists.

For six weeks the new government of Lonardi lumbered along under the burden of two opposing groups: the democratic camp headed by Interior Minister Eduardo Busso, and the nationalist group led by Foreign Minister Mario Amadeo. When Lonardi was ousted, largely because he removed Busso as Minister of the Interior, Aramburu was appointed President. Not well known outside of army circles, it turned out that he had been the real head of the Revolution. Because of bad timing he was arrested during the uprising and Lonardi had had to take charge of the whole affair. Aramburu restored Eduardo Busso to his post and dismissed many of Lonardi's ministers.

President Aramburu took a firm hand in labor matters. His immediate predecessor had been somewhat irresolute toward the powerful *Confederación General del Trabajo,* the national labor union which had served as one of the three pillars of the Peronista movement. He had assumed that outright steps against the union would be too risky; although the Revolution had been won, Buenos Aires was still a Perón bulwark. As no fighting had taken place in the city, an attack of the CGT could set off serious and bloody disorders. Besides, Lonardi was afraid of arousing the open opposition of the workers. Perón had become a legend to them and the poorer classes were less concerned with freedom than their wages and, even more important, the sense which the tyrant had given them of being somebody.

It must be remembered that Perón was the result of the mistakes of Conservatives, Radicals and landlords who had remained blind to the needs and demands of the Argentine working classes. Perón had capitalized on this neglect, which is why many workers were, and still are, pro-Perón. To forget this important fact would be suicidal for his successors. Lonardi thought that it was possible to reorganize the CGT by persuasion without realizing that instead of being a labor union it was actually a branch of the government, one which had the machinery to sabotage the Revolution. But Aramburu understood that it was first necessary to dismantle that Perónista machinery before returning the sovereignty of the CGT to its membership. Unhappily, the Socialist leaders, who have no prestige among the Argentine working classes, exploited the situation and succeeded in being appointed to key posts during the reorganization period—to the dismay of all but the Socialists themselves.

The "worry" which I mentioned above derives from this accession to power of the Socialists. It is true that they did a wonderful job in resisting Perón, but they actually represent only five per cent of the Argentine electorate. Lonardi's advisory board was composed of four Socialists, four Conservatives, four Radicals, four progressist democrats and two members of the reactionary Federal Union, a small grouping of Catholic nationalists. This spread stemmed from a good general idea but it sounds rather preposterous to have at the same table, and in equal numbers, representatives of the powerful Radical Party, supported by half the electorate, and Conservatives who have always opposed free elections and done away with civil rights when they were in power. When Lonardi left office the Federal Union members were dropped and Aramburu appointed two "democratic Catholics without political tendencies." This made little sense as *Criterio,* Argentina's leading Catholic magazine, pointed out. But the two representatives remain, with personal satisfaction but no political prestige whatever.

THE SOCIALISTS have been extremely active in seeking to influence the Government in educational as well as labor matters. Lonardi's Education Minister, Attilio Del'Oro Maini, retained by Aramburu, is a highly intelligent person who has tried to maintain a balance. His appointments to important posts include Socialists, Radicals and Christian Democrats. He was quite determined to make radical improvements, and on Christmas Eve a Government decree

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established freedom of teaching in Argentina. It has been approved by all the university rectors, including the Socialist Romero.

Hard as it is to believe, private universities are not permitted in Argentina. Only the State has the power to teach—a situation which proved disastrous under Perón. Students must accept official teachings in a number of subjects, including philosophy, law and architecture, and professors are not permitted to state their own views. Those who believe in genuine freedom of teaching cite the example of the educational freedom of the United States, since the Socialists and their followers claim that freedom of teaching is totalitarian.

Anti-clericalism is at the heart of this problem. Free universities would mean Catholic teaching in some cases, and that is considered risky by people who in 1956 are still quoting Anatole France and Giuseppe Garibaldi. It is true—and to deny it would be hardly honest—that it was only when Perón began his anti-religious campaign that many Catholics, including a number of bishops and too many priests, awoke from their day dreams concerning Perón.

As soon as the decree was confirmed, there began a national campaign against freedom of teaching, and Dell'Oro as well. It was headed by Romero, who threatened a student strike in an article in *La Nación*. A polio epidemic delayed the beginning of classes until May, but then a coordinated movement broke out all over the country. Students demanded Dell'Oro's resignation, and the University Students Federation of Argentina ordered its membership to take over the university buildings. The police were ordered not to interfere with the students; principals and university rectors had no choice but to let the young people in.

When Dell'Oro resigned there was much pressure both favoring and opposing the acceptance of his resignation. Aramburu proved to be very conciliatory to everyone but within five days accepted the resignation and appointed Carlos Adrogue, a well-known lawyer without political or religious affiliation, to succeed him. Only three thousand of the hundred thousand registered university alumni succeeded in forcing Dell'Oro's resignation. The Socialists had played their cards well and the Government yielded.

ALTHOUGH THE Revolution is strongly supported by all non-Peronista forces, many of its supporters—including the Christian Democrats—are vehemently opposed to the interference of the Socialists in government matters. In turn the official Socialist paper, *La Vanguardia,* seeks to make people believe that Catholics are sabotaging the Revolution.

In reply to this it can be pointed out that if it had not been for the attitude of Catholics, Perón might still be in power. The first time that the tyrant's orders were publicly disobeyed was when Argentine Catholics defied Perón's orders and went to the Plaza de Mayo to the Corpus Christi procession. On this occasion more than 200,000 Catholics showed that Perón's power was not absolute. This required a great deal of courage, but it involved the vital matter of accepting religious persecution or fighting for their rights. Until then no political party had "won the streets." But it must also be said that some right-wing Catholics, when they saw that the nationalists had been shorn of power on November 13, began to claim that the Revolution had been betrayed.

Aramburu has done his best to court his Catholic compatriots with public ceremony and official acts. Yet he has not restored religious instruction in the elementary schools and Argentine Catholics hold this against him. There is a lot of talk to the effect that all navy officers are Free Masons, that official circles are corrupted by liberalism, and so forth.

Some priests have declared from the pulpit that things are much worse now than they were under Perón—a beastly thing to say if there ever was one. They contend that "rights of Catholics" are not taken into account, but fail to specify these rights. Except for the matter of religious instruction in the nation's schools, which the government finds too controversial and is therefore leaving for the succeeding Constitutional Government to settle, no serious objections have been made. It is pertinent to remember that religious instruction in the public schools was imposed by Perón and that the Church in Argentine paid a very high price for supporting so tyrannical a regime.

The Holy See has taken the definite step of appointing Cordoba's Archbishop, Fermín Lafitte, as Apostolic Administrator of the Buenos Aires Archdiocese. With Archbishop Lafitte's appointment a new regime has begun for which there are high hopes. Besides education there are other problems which go to the core of the Revolution, where Catholics must remember that blind opposition will benefit only Perón. It is true that Socialist interference must cease, but a truce is indispensable if things are to proceed constructively.

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Apostle to China

LANCELOT C. SHEPPARD

THIRTY YEARS ago Pope Pius XI nominated the first six native bishops in China. The appointment of these Chinese bishops was an event of major importance, and it was due, in great part, to the efforts of Father Vincent Lebbe, the "controversial" apostle to modern China.

The nomination of these Chinese bishops was the crowning achievement of his stormy life, a life given wholly to spreading the faith in China, and though he lived until 1940 and died at his post in China with further considerable achievements to his credit, 1926 will remain the year of his triumph; that year saw the opening of a new phase in missionary history.

Vincent Lebbe was born in 1877 at Ghent in Belgium; his father was a Belgian lawyer, his mother of English origin. At the age of ten a chance reading of a booklet on the life and martyrdom of Blessed Gabriel Perboyre, C. M. seemed to indicate his vocation; he was fired by the example of this missionary in China. "I will be a Vincentian," he declared, "and go and be martyred in China!" But the way to China was to be long and roundabout, and for some time it looked as if he would never get there.

Towards the end of his schooldays in 1895 he was overtaken by an illness which prevented his finishing his studies. However he recovered sufficiently to go to the novitiate of the Vincentians in Paris, make his vows and begin his studies for the priesthood, showing such promise that his superiors announced their intention of making him eventually a seminary professor. That seemed the end of dreams of martyrdom in China, but in his second year of theology his illness recurred; it was a form of neurasthenia which brought on acute headache whenever he did any reading. Sent to Rome for a year's rest and change, with instructions to listen to lectures and try to keep abreast with the other students, he found that even this was impossible for him and it seemed that ordination, therefore, would be denied him.

At this time he encountered in Rome Msgr. Favier, a Vincentian bishop in China; Vincent Lebbe, invalid though he was, besought the bishop to take him back to work in China; there, if he could not be ordained, he could at least work as a catechist. Matters were arranged and to China he went in 1901, the morrow of the Boxer rebellion; China was still bleeding.

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TWO THINGS struck young Vincent Lebbe; in the refectory at the mission house in Pekin, although not yet a priest, at table he was given a seat above the Chinese priests merely because he was a European. The other was the European slant given to the presentation of the faith. Churches were built in the sham gothic dear to the nineteenth century, with the "art" of the Place Saint-Sulpice to embellish them; Christianity was virtually identified with a foreign influence. The fact that France, despite her anti-clerical government, was the "Protector of the Missions" in that part of the world, and used the position to her advantage, added to the equivocal state of affairs.

An incident during those first days opened Vincent Lebbe's eyes to the position occupied by the Church in Pekin. On a walk one afternoon he climbed a hill which gave a view over the whole of the Chinese capital; it was a marvelous sight with its pagodas, temples and other buildings, all bathed in the brilliant sunshine. As his eye traveled over it all he sought out the cathedral, but he could not find it. At last he discovered it where he least expected it—in the European quarter of the city, in a style quite foreign to the country, placed among the embassies, legations and barracks, forming with them a strange contrast with the Chinese buildings of the city.

He continued his theology, combining with it an intensive study of the Chinese language, his headaches cured by wearing the large-rimmed glasses of the Chinese. He was ordained on October 28, 1901. He saw his lifework before him; it was to preach the Gospel to the Chinese, of course, but in doing so he must bridge the gulf between China and Christianity by dispelling all notion of domination by a foreign power; the Church must come to the Chinese not as the agent of European policies, not as a foreign religion so at variance with Chinese thought and customs that to become a Christian and a Catholic meant the renunciation of valuable traditions and submission to a foreign influence. Even then he saw all this clearly. "Imagine the situation," he wrote in 1901, "if in France the majority of the clergy and *all* the bishops were German. Could they speak to the people as the mouthpiece of the Catholic Church of France or represent their flock—Frenchmen or Frenchwomen—before the government of France?" The Church is supra-national but she should never be foreign.

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HE had learned to speak Chinese in six months and now gradually he seemed to become increasingly Chinese in manner of thought, dress and appearance. His work as an assistant in Pekin, then parish priest there and finally parish priest in Tientsin, stood out from that of his colleagues because of his difference of approach. He did not content himself with looking after the little Christian communities in his charge but sought to influence the whole population. His methods were very simple; he would preach the Gospel to the Chinese pagans and make himself Chinese among the Chinese out of love of Christ and a total gift of self to those who needed him. His preaching to the pagans meant taking a part in public life, organizing meetings, setting up lecture halls where discussions could be held, going out to meet those he desired to influence; it was a complete indentification with Chinese life, sharing joys and sorrows, poverty and sufferings.

In 1913 he founded his newspaper *I Che Pao* with the motto "China for the Chinese and the Chinese for Christ." This newspaper gained considerable influence and, coupled with Father Lebbe's other activities, it led to a renewal of Christianity in North China. It began to be understood that Catholicism was no more European than it was Chinese. If Father Lebbe had done no more than this he would have accomplished much, but he went on to do far more; the fact that he eventually did so was due in part to the opposition that he aroused and to the action of the French representatives in China.

In 1916 the French desired to enlarge the territorial concession in Tientsin at the expense of the municipal authorities; Father Lebbe's opposition to this injustice and his plain-speaking to the French consul caused the latter to request the bishop to move him. Father Lebbe was sent to the south; it was virtual exile. He had to start all over again to learn a new language and make contact with a different milieu. And then, in 1919, like a bombshell, came the papal encyclical *Maximum illud,* proclaiming those very principles long urged by Father Lebbe and according to which he had been endeavoring to act. For the last forty years this encyclical has formed the charter of the missions and much of what it said is now taken for granted. But when it first appeared it caused a certain stir. It spoke of "certain publications on the subject of the missions which . . . show less desire for the increase of the Kingdom of God than for the influence of the writer's country," and the Pope expressed his amazement that "these authors seem not to care how much these views alienate the minds of the heathen." The Catholic missionary is to remember that he is the ambassador, not of his own country but of Christ, and so conduct "himself that all may recognize without any doubt that he is a minister of that religion which, because it embraces all men, is foreign to no nation. . . ." Of native clergy the Pope said: "For the native clergy is not to be trained in order to assist the foreign missionaries in humbler offices but in order that it may be equal to the accomplishment of its divine task and in course of time duly assume the government of its people."

FATHER LEBBE in 1920 was sent to Europe to look after the Chinese students who were flocking to the universities there. Once again he threw himself into the work, traveling about by day and night with his scanty luggage, finding suitable accommodations for the students, seeing to their moral and religious welfare, making converts among them. He showed such insight into the problems of China that one of the students remarked, "What he says about China is right all along the line; perhaps what he says about religion is right also." Thus he saved many of these young men from materialism.

Eventually he was called to Rome, though it needed a special request from the Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation of Propaganda to persuade his superiors to let him go there, and he was questioned about the state of the Church in China and its problems. Reports and complaints had been received in Rome about Father Lebbe, but Benedict XV told him: "I heard everything, but I trusted you because you always obeyed." Father Lebbe saw the Cardinal Prefect, who told him that it was all very well laying down principles and talking of a native hierarchy, but the difficulty was to apply these principles to a concrete situation. "Give me names," demanded the Cardinal. "Names, your Eminence," replied Father Lebbe, "I could give you scores!" He tore out a leaf from his notebook and with a little stub of pencil wrote down a list of Chinese priests whom he considered suitable for the episcopate.

Benedict XV died in 1922, but Pius XI carried on his missionary policy and at long last, in 1926, the first six Chinese bishops were nominated. Pius XI invited them to Rome for their consecration and at the ceremony, inconspicuous among the throng, was Father Lebbe. It was October 28, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his own ordination as a "Chinese priest."

Father Lebbe's own future was decided at this time; he returned to China in the service of a Chinese bishop, Mgsr. Suen, to work in the vicariate of An Kwo;

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Father Lebbe was the only European among the bishop's clergy. Soon after this he became a Chinese citizen. His final work for his beloved Chinese was the foundation of a religious order that should combine the monastic life with the work of catechists. There thus came into being two congregations, the Little Brothers of St. John the Baptist and the Sisters of St. Teresa. Development was rapid because these institutions were well adapted to the Chinese mentality and way of life. The rule was founded on that of St. Benedict and the Divine Office was said in Chinese.

THE REST of Father Lebbe's life can be quickly told. With the outbreak of war between China and Japan he organized his Brothers of St. John the Baptist into a corps of stretcher bearers, and they labored fruitfully among the wounded for some time. But in 1940 Father Lebbe was taken prisoner by the Chinese Communists, and though he was released on the intervention of Marshal Chiang Kai-shek and flown to the hospital of Chunking, he died from cancer soon afterwards, on June 24, 1940.

A biography of Father Lebbe was published seven years after his death by M. André Levaux. Last year Canon Leclercq of Louvain produced another. The subject was calculated to revive old controversies, and the Canon's forthright approach and style added fuel to the flame. An association of former (European) missionaries in China protested energetically; *Études,* the French Jesuit monthly, carried a denunciatory article by Father Bonnichon, S. J., who had been imprisoned in China by the Communists. M. Meunier replied in the Belgian *La Revue Nouvelle* in Father Lebbe's defense. Support came also from Chinese in exile in Brazil and in a letter to Canon Leclercq from Bishop Yu Pin, who wrote: "Your book tells only the truth, but the truth is sometimes hard to bear for bishops and missionaries expelled from China by the Communists."

Some years ago Cardinal Costantini wrote of the missionary problem in the Far East: "We have not founded the Church with her normal organization in the Far East; we have founded the foreign missions: and Asia has not been converted. . . . The missionaries of the early ages built up the Church with bishops and priests native of the country concerned, and in public worship they used the language which they found on the spot. . . . We have tried to convert the East through foreign clergy and through Latin, and the East has not responded." Father Lebbe would have rejoiced to know that Mass is celebrated in Chinese now, for all said and done the fact remains that the use of Chinese in worship and the whole policy advocated so strongly by Father Lebbe and begun by him remains the only hope for the Church in China; the only doubt about it is whether it has come too late.

THE SCREEN

THE MALADY LINGERS ON

ALTHOUGH Hollywood has been successful in converting TV plays into full-length movies, it is good to see the film industry tackle a couple of problem plots that have not already been aired on video. "Bigger Than Life," produced by James Mason, who also plays the lead role, stems from the *New Yorker* article, "Ten Feet Tall," about a man who took too much cortisone too often and went berserk. This is, as far as I know, the first time this so-called miracle drug has been scrutinized by any theatrical medium, and I conjecture it will be the last. As a movie, "Bigger Than Life" builds up quite a suspense when the central character (James Mason as a school teacher) goes through periods of elation and depression. Then as a result of taking overdoses of cortisone to relieve a painful inflammation of the arteries, he becomes definitely psychotic, treating his young son (Christopher Olsen) with unreasonable severity, suspecting his wife (Barbara Rush) and gym-teacher friend (Walter Matthau) of having an affair, and developing grandiose ideas about remaking the educational system. Finally, confusing himself with Abraham, he plans to kill his son, wife and himself.

Under Nicholas Ray's direction, the cast do well by their roles, and James Mason runs the gamut convincingly as the suffering and over-excited school teacher. The Mason production is good too, although I don't think this tale of terror needed such handsome color and CinemaScope. It is the story and script by Cyril Hume and Richard Maibaum, however, that make the audience question so much of "Bigger Than Life." The school teacher is rather an odd duck in the first place, so wouldn't his doctor check him daily on the effects of this new drug? And would a druggist be quite so casual as the one in this film, who dishes out expensive pills of such an unusual nature? Since the date of the picture's events is not given, we must suppose that it happened several years ago before all the side effects of the drug were known; and we must also suppose that the villains of the piece are the careless doctors and druggist—not cortisone, which has proved its effectiveness as a healing drug. Perhaps "Bigger Than Life" would have been more engrossing if it had been faster paced and had not made its points over and over. Or better yet, perhaps this is exactly the kind of a story that could be well covered in black-and-white, in one hour, on "Medic."

PERHAPS THE same thing could be said of "Storm Center," which starts out with an interesting

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though obvious theme on civil liberties and then loses its main point in overdeveloping its plot with side issues. In a forceful and considerably mannered performance, Bette Davis portrays a small-city librarian who refuses to remove a certain book from the library. She knows that *The Communist Dream* about which the City Council is making such a fuss, is a silly, crude and foolish book, but she thinks it should stay on the shelves so the people can see Communism and its propaganda for what they are. Furthermore, she takes a definite stand in favor of American freedom and Thomas Jefferson and against dictatorship and censorship. "You can't run a library or a city council to please all the people." The council is almost convinced by her stand until one of its politically minded members (Brian Keith) points out that Bette was vaguely connected (on letter-heads) some years ago with Communist front organizations. That settles it. The council, including even her good and wise friend, the judge, (Paul Kelly) votes to dismiss the librarian who has served so well for so many years.

If scriptwriters Daniel Taradash and Elick Moll had concentrated on this theme, stressing the suffering brought on Bette when she is branded a Communist and therefore becomes shunned by the townsfolk, they might have had a lively and stimulating film. But they felt inclined to hop up the story. Brian Keith becomes sort of a Senator McCarthy type, who is determined to make the most of Bette's fall from favor. Kim Hunter, as his fianceé and Bette's successor at the library, goes along with him, almost oblivious of what is happening to her once-good friend. Then the plot takes another tangent by telling the story of a little boy (Kevin Coughlin) who was devoted to Bette and her children's room until his uncouth father (Joe Mantell) drums it into the child that the ex-librarian is some sort of an ogre wallowing in Communist propaganda. The youngster, whose home life is far from happy anyway, what with his Babbitty old man always bickering with his artistic mother (Sallie Brophy), goes wild and in a nightmarish scene sets fire to the library.

Julian Blaustein gave this story a good production, with handsome black-and-white photography appropriate to the main theme and small-city setting. And while Director Daniel Taradash handled his large scenes effectively, he allowed his cast to over-act in the intimate ones, with the result that "Storm Center" is often hysterical when it means to be calm and reveal depth of character and motivation. The picture's ending, with Bette Davis agreeing to stay in town after all and help rebuild the library, is quite moving. Perhaps since I'd heard so much about "Storm Center" since its conception several years ago, I expected too much of the film. Its makers deserve an "A" for effort and a scolding for messing up the main theme.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

WAGES AND PRICES

Collegeville, Minn.

TO the Editors: Your editorial on the steel strike ["Steel Negotiations," June 15] raises some points which seem to call for further discussions. In a recent address, Dr. Arthur F. Burns, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, listed the spread of economic literacy as one of the factors which has made it possible for the American economy to walk so successfully the chalk line between inflation and deflation. A wider understanding of economic forces and a new-found respect for man-made controls has led people to accept restrictions and act with restraint at times when the economy is straining at the seams.

However, economic literacy seems to take a vacation each year about the time the steel workers and management of the steel companies get set for their guaranteed annual debate over a new contract. Two areas where this form of literacy, which is so essential for the formulation of economic policy, both public and private, tends to disappear are the questions of real versus money wages, and of wages as purchasing power.

Many people know in theory but forget in practice that a rise in wage rates made possible by a rise in the price of the product is, if not illusory, enjoyed at the expense of other workers. A typical case might be as follows: a strong union succeeds in extracting wage increases in excess of increases in productivity, and by pushing up prices improves the real wages of its members at the expense of the rest of society. The price of the product may constitute such a small part of the average member's budget that he hardly notices the hike in price—at least for a while. But if the product is widely used as a raw material by many other industries, a slow but widespread rise in prices may get under way. . . .

This is something like what happened between 1946 and 1952. Average hourly earnings received by the employees of a typical large steel company increased 58 percent during that time, while the purchasing power of an hour's labor in that industry rose only 16 percent. The general rise in prices almost nullified the rise in money wage rates. After 1952, both wages and prices continued to rise in the steel industry, but prices tapered off elsewhere in the economy. The result was a 19 percent rise in real hourly earnings in steel in the three years ending in 1955—or a larger increase in three years than in the preceding six. Since real hourly earnings in manufacturing in general increased 13 percent between 1946 and 1952, but only 11 percent between 1952 and 1955, it is apparent that real wages in the steel industry made rapid gains only after the rest of the economy had begun to hold the price line.

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Those who are aware of the futility of paying higher wages out of higher prices assert that they expect corporations to meet their wage demands out of profits. Without going into the pros and cons of the ability of any particular industry to do so, we can nevertheless point out that this is not a general nor long run solution to the problem of raising wages. Since 1946 corporate profits have averaged less than $35 billion before taxes, and only $18 billion after taxes, while dividends paid out have been less than one-half the latter figure. Meanwhile compensation of employees has increased over $100 billion—from $117.7 billion in 1946 to $221.2 billion in 1955. Profits after taxes are evidently thin pickings as a source of increases in wage rates.

The second misconception appears in various forms. The one which is bandied about at times like these is that wages are the principal source of purchasing power, and that if money wage rates do not keep rising at the same rate as the increase in productivity, spending for output will be deficient, and our economy will be headed for depression and unemployment. While most arguments for higher wages are based on considerations of welfare of the workers involved, the present one views wages in the larger setting of the economy as a whole, and should be analyzed in those terms.

In the first place, it is possible and highly desirable that improvements in technology and methods of production, and hence in labor productivity, should be followed by reductions in the price of the product in question. The gains will then be shared by all who buy the product, as well as by the workers who produce it. A similar effect takes place when technological advances result in an improvement in quality of the product, even though the price remains unchanged. Buyers then get more for their money—a fact which has been exemplified time and again. . . .

But sometimes the price of the product and its quality remain unchanged in spite of improvements in technology. Does such a situation necessarily spell deficiency in total spending and therefore depression and unemployment? If the firms receiving higher earnings as a result of constant selling price and falling costs are re-investing a large proportion of their income in plant and equipment, as at present, and if those receiving the dividends paid out spend them at once for consumption or investment goods (it must be remembered that workers also receive a good part of these dividends either directly through stock ownership or indirectly through insurance policies, pension funds, etc.), deflation and depression haven't a chance. In fact, if the federal government is taking in less in taxes than it is paying out at such a time, the economy is more likely to experience inflationary pressures than to sag into depression.

Sometimes the fear is expressed that the industrial facilities constructed with reinvested earnings of business firms and the savings of dividend-receiving groups will come into production with such a rush that consumers will not have sufficient purchasing power to absorb the total output. The answer is that consumers do not have to purchase the total output. As long as total spending by consumers, business firms, and government is sufficient to absorb total output there can be no depression. It is therefore a question of fact as to which of these three categories is slipping and needs stimulation. At certain times one type of spending may fall off and can be offset by increases in the others. But again, there are times, e.g., 1956, when all three spending streams may be running at such high levels that only the most inveterate stagnationist would invite inflation by urging expansion of any one of them. Least of all would he endanger spending for investment, which since research and technological development have advanced from the stage of inspired guessing to that of systematic probing, insures a rapid and continued increase in productivity—the sole basis for steadily rising real wages and economic welfare.

(*Rev.*) MARTIN E. SCHIRBER, O.S.B.

"THE LIFE OF THOMAS CRANMER"

Port Washington, N. Y.

TO the Editors: It is far from unflattering to have my prose style compared by Miss Doris Grumbach to that of John Donne's, "overelaborate and fancy" to quote her [Review of *The Life of Thomas Cranmer,* June 22]. Yet at no time in my life have I been under "apprenticeship" to him. I admire him greatly of course, but at a safe distance, lest I do take on some coloration from him. If I expressed admiration for one long sentence of his, it is only to deny that the sentence Belloc calls the longest in the English language was that at all, for Donne had some sentences much longer. These I do not admire specially for their length but for the virtuosity Donne shows in keeping them under masterly control. Let your reviewer go and read a sentence in *Eighty Sermons,* p 776—a sentence about six hundred words long, as sinuous and cavernous as Hell itself. The verse of Donne is too knotted for my taste, but he could be extremely succinct in prose, as witness the famous epitaph: "John Donne, Anne Donne, undone!" While Miss Grumbach may be correct in saying that I am too elaborate in my prose style, I certainly did not get this from John Donne.

But as I began by saying, I do not in the least mind her finding some resemblance between my way of writing and Donne's—would that I wrote half as well—especially after the pleasant things that she says about my fairness and charity in my *Life of Thomas Cranmer.* For this I thank her—even for the quite undeserved John Donne comparison.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

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OF NOTE

RELIGION, STATE AND SOCIETY

THE July issue of the *Review of Politics* (The University of Notre Dame, Indiana. $5 per year) contains a discussion by Peter F. Drucker on the relation of religion to state and society in America. Excerpts from this discussion follow:

The unique relationship between religion, the state, and society is perhaps the most fundamental—certainly it is the most distinctive—feature of American religious as well as American political life. It is not only central to any understanding of American institutions. It also constitutes the sharpest difference between American and European institutions, concepts, and traditions.

This country has developed the most thorough-going, if not the only truly secular state. It is also the oldest secular state—even on this Continent. When the First Amendment to the United States Constitution categorically banned any "Establishment of Religion" for the infant Republic, nearly half of the constituent Thirteen States still had fully established State Churches; and the others either had definitely preferred or supported churches or, at the least, imposed religious disabilities of various kinds on members of minority-denominations.

In Europe—even in those countries where a thorough separation of state and church has been attempted—the old Establishment is still visible everywhere: in government salaries for the clergy, in government subsidies to church schools or foreign missions, or in government salaries to teachers of religious instruction in public schools. Within the traditional boundaries of European Christendom only those countries that have deified the state itself are free from such traces of the old Establishment as would always have been held unconstitutional in this country; and of course those countries have simply "established" the new totalitarian creed as the official state religion.

The United States is, however, also the only country of the West in which society is conceived as being basically a religious society.

More than a hundred years ago Tocqueville wrote: "There is no country in the whole world in which the Christian religion retains a greater influence over the souls of men than in America. Religion is the foremost of the institutions of the country." And this is still largely true today.

Organized religion plays a part in our society which is altogether unknown elsewhere. One could not conceive of an English, a German, or a French business corporation going to the priest or minister to find out something about a man considered for an executive job; in this country it is standard procedure. Church membership, except in the very largest cities, is everywhere taken for granted. Social life and community activities center around the churches; the Girl Scouts meet in the basement of the church, the Parent Teachers Association in the Parish House and so do the Road Commissioners in small communities. One of the local ministers opens the luncheon meeting of Rotary or the annual drive of the Community Chest.

These, of course, are outward and superficial observances, and perfectly compatible with a completely irreligious life. But at least these outward signs indicate a positive emphasis on the part of American society on religion, on active membership in a church, and on active participation of the church in the life of the community. Indeed, one of the most remarkable features of American life is the speed with which this concept of a religious society is made to embrace new social institutions.

We do not have, to be sure, a "Christian trade union federation" such as is commonplace on the Continent. It is a concept alien alike to our tradition of political action and of spiritual life. Yet it is quite wrong to conclude therefrom, as practically every European labor leader has been doing, that our labor movement is "non-religious," perhaps like that of Great Britain. On the contrary this totally non-denominational labor movement may well be much closer to organized religion than the typical European "Christian" union. There exists the closest and most intimate bond between the Catholic Church and some locals of the United Automobile Workers or the United Steel Workers, between Protestant churches and some locals of the Rubber Workers, or between Jewish Congregations and Garment Workers' locals in New York.

This dual relationship: strictest separation between state and church and closest interpenetration of religion and society, has been characteristic of this country from the start of its independence. The same Congress that wrote the principle of separation of state and church into the Constitution in perfectly unambiguous form: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," also established as a matter of course chaplains for both its houses. The same Congress provided in the first United States legislation regarding the military, the Act of March 3, 1791 ("An Act for raising and adding another regiment to the military establishment of the United States") expressly for the appointment and pay of a regimental chaplain. Many people know that the famous phrase "a wall of separation between Church and State" was coined by Thomas Jefferson. But few people realize that this phrase is to be found in a letter that Jefferson wrote to a religious group, a group of New England Baptists, a letter which expresses a profound belief in the religious

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basis of society and concludes with the words: "I reciprocate your kind prayers for the protection and blessing of the common father and creator of man, and tender you for yourselves and your religious association assurances of my high respect and esteem."

But even more important than the co-existence of secular state and religious society is the relationship in which the two are placed in the American creed.

Their co-existence has often been believed to be mere intellectual slovenliness, an unwillingness to be logical, fuzzy thinking and muddling through. Actually, in this country secular state and religious society have not and cannot be conceived as contradictions; they are necessarily complementary to each other. Again let me quote Tocqueville: "I am certain that the Americans hold religion to be indispensable to the maintenance of republican institutions." It is basic to the American creed that a society can only be religious if religion and the state are radically separated, and that the state can only be free if society is basically a religious society. This belief, however confused its formulation, underlies all American approaches to the political and social treatment of religion and to the social and individual value of religion. By its very nature the sphere of the state has to be an autonomous sphere, a sphere entirely of the "natural reason." But also, by definition, a free society is only possible if based solidly on the religious individual. The one without the other simply makes no sense—nor does the European formulation of an absolute in which both state and society must be either religious or non-religious.

This leads to the basic American concept: the state must neither support nor favor any one religious denomination. That would be "Establishment," if not "prohibition of the free exercise of religion," and strictly forbidden by the First Amendment to the Constitution. But at the same time the state must always sponsor, protect and favor religious life in general. The United States is indeed a "secular" state as far as any one denomination is concerned. But it is at the same time a "religious" commonwealth as concerns its general belief in the necessity of a truly religious basis of citizenship.

This has given rise to two problems; the first, what precisely is "religion"? The second, where to draw the line between the constitutional ban on anything smacking of "Establishment" or of a "prohibition of the free exercise of religion" and the compensatory obligation to support and favor religious life? But only the first question, that of the meaning of the term "religion," have we by now thought through at all. . . .

The dualism between strict separation of church and state and closest communion between religion and society which is at the center of the American creed, makes absolutely no sense, unless we recognize that the claim of the Constitution to the allegiance of the citizen, is based on its claim to be an expression of purely natural reason and of nothing else. Then it follows that the state while indifferent to all religions, must demand complete non-interference in the state from all churches, and must at the same time respect and sponsor religious life. For it is of the essence of natural reason that it recognizes its own limitation and incompleteness while, at the same time, proclaiming its autonomy. . . .

But the most important point is not the constitutional one, but that the decision [Supreme Court Decision in the McCollum Case] missed the basic problem: that the American creed does not just establish a "secular" state but presupposes a religious society. It missed the point that "secular" in the American language does not mean "laic"; it means "non-sectarian." And the basic relationship between religious life and political power cannot, therefore, be founded on a purely negative policy of non-encouragement. It requires a positive policy of impartial encouragement of all religions and of all truly religious life and activity in American society.

The fundamental difference between the European concept of the "secular" state which is a concept profoundly hostile to religion, and the American concept of the "secular" state which is based on a religious society and on the furtherance of religion, is, in the last analysis, a difference in origins. The European concept is originally a political concept. Its starting point was the attempt to make possible political stability in a country that had lost its religious unity. It started out with the assumption that religion is a political nuisance and that religious belief is a threat to political unity and stable government. From there—the starting point of Richelieu's original Protestant policy—the road led to toleration and, finally, to anti-clericalism and to secularism. Nothing is quite so obvious to the European politician, no matter what his political beliefs, as that a "secular" state is not one that is neutral in matters of religion but one that is opposed to religion —at the very least it frowns on any social influence of religion.

In the American creed, however, the origin of secularism is not political but religious. Its parents were not the politicians of the nation state, but two great religious thinkers, Roger Williams and Jonathan Edwards. The European concept is based on the firm belief in the supremacy of the political. The American concept is grounded in the firm belief in the incomparable value of the religious life—a value not necessarily superior to all others but necessarily of such an entirely different character and nature as to make it unique. The separation of state and church is thus in the American creed primarily a need of religion itself.

This tradition is not a specifically American one. In fact, it traces back through Nicholas of Cusa, Dante

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and St. Bonaventura all the way to St. Augustine. It is thus one of the oldest of the religious traditions of the West. But in Europe the tradition—despite its eloquent exposition by Leibnitz and by the great Cardinal, St. Robert Bellarmine—was by and large lost under the impact of Reformation and Counter-Reformation. In this country however it became dominant. . . .

Obviously this tradition does not in itself guarantee either a free state or a religious society. It does not "produce"—let alone automatically—a flourishing religious life (all it tends to produce are flourishing church-membership figures). It certainly does not by itself give certain promise of spiritual well-being or of a spiritual answer to the crisis of our time. But it is a foundation—both for a religious people and for a free political order. As such it is the greatest achievement of the American political spirit, and the one on which all others rest.

BOOKS

The Oceanic Sense of James Joyce

JOYCE, THE MAN, THE WORK, THE REPUTATION. By Marvin Magalaner and Richard M. Kain. New York University Press. $5.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

IF WE had not already known it, this new book about Joyce would establish one fact beyond dispute: the day of Joyce as a cause, of the manifestoes in *Transition* is past; the day of the doctoral dissertations is upon us. The question is no longer one of Joyce's greatness, but of its quality, its perspective.

Marvin Magalaner and Richard Kain are scholarly, competent Joyceans. They may over-emphasize the universality of Joyce's recognition—"As almost every schoolboy knows," they write, "*Ulysses* depicts the commonplace activities of three contrasting figures on one day in Dublin"—but their careful summary of informed opinion speaks for itself. There will be an Oliver St. John Gogarty or two around, usually Irish, to carp and complain, but that's about all. The problem now is one of the formation of opinion about a man who is a classic.

But precisely because we are entering into a period of introspection about Joyce, of interpretation and counter-interpretation, one thing must be made clear: in Joyce, perhaps more than in any writer, the parts, the sentences, the images, the event, are subordinated to the whole.

For, strangely enough, whatever the complexities of the particular in Joyce his ultimate communication, what one *feels* that he has said, is unambiguous and accessible. This is his mood, of the sea, his "oceanic sense" taken both literally and in Freud's sense of the phrase. One need not know the hither and thithering ramifications of all the rivers in the *Wake* to understand their resolution in the sea on the last (and first) page. And so also with Molly Bloom's "Yes" in *Ulysses* as it is said by the sea. Time passes; making a gigantic truth out of this simple fact is the burden of Joyce's work.

On the surface, there is a contradiction of attitude here. Molly answers "Yes" to time, but as the river Liffey flows to the sea on the last page ("leaf," Joyce called it), we are told that this is sad and cruel. Yet, Joyce's image opposes his own attitude toward it. It is part of a vision too transcendent for sorrow, allowing only for a certain poignancy. In both cases, there is, then, an affirmation, and this is Joyce's ultimate communication.

Paradoxically, it is precisely this sense of wholeness, this transcending vision of an oceanic process, which is the ground of Joyce's manifold diversity. As soon as process is the underlying fact, the moment loses its own particular unity; it is more an instant and instance of the whole than itself. There is no single event, for every event is secretly a relationship to the totality.

Thus, Joyce's style. In *Finnegans Wake,* the extreme case in point, there is no narrative line, no sequence. Each character is other characters, past and future, mythical and real; each word can be made the echo of another word, the pun restates a thesis about reality; and the book itself can begin on its last page and, in theory, can be read from any point, round like a circle, back to that point. On the level of style, it is precisely Joyce's overwhelming sense of time which disintegrates time.

So also on the level of meaning, there is a constant shuttling between unity and diversity. Stephen and Bloom have their real meeting after a brawl; Shem and Shaun, Stem and Stone, growth and inertia, are constantly counterposed. But underlying all of this, there is the slow movement of Joyce's river, time flowing, Dublin and Greece adrift in the same process, Anna, the mother of us all, endlessly resolving and unresolving the jumble of events. The danger is always that we will become so taken up with the paradoxes of diversity that we will lose our sense of the whole.

And in this whole, as I mentioned before, is Joyce's humanity. For, like most of the artists of his time, he is caught up in a process of disintegration. In this sense, his affirmation almost inevitably flows out of negation, his unity is a gigantic assertion against his own diversity. Many social critics have been right in saying that Joyce's cyclical conception of time bears the stamp of a defeated, threatened age, yet they miss the affirmation.

Thomas Mann made this point in his retelling of the Faust legend. In that book, the last work of the protagonist, a composer, is one of unrelieved and tormented despair. But, Mann tells us, in the moment between the ending of the music and the applause, there is silence, and the silence is affirmation. For what had been heard was not simply despair, but man transcendent enough to make of his despair art. So too, I think, with Joyce. Ultimately, he comes through

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with a haunting appeal to men, a sense of process which, with all its faults—*Finnegans Wake* definitely *is* too hard—is of tremendous importance.

This is what must be clearly understood as we move to the explication of the text and the interpretation of all the intermediate critical problems. The sense of it is present in the work of Messrs Magalaner and Kain. And, in addition, they have given us an excellent survey of critical opinion, a fascinating account of the development of opinion with regard to Joyce. Their book is certainly a welcome addition to the growing library of Joyce criticism.

Yet I would conclude with my main point. The diversity, the complexity, all the arguments over Joyce's Catholicism and/or anti-Catholicism — these are part of Joyce's whole, and they are important. Still, the levels of meaning, the puns, the portmanteau words, the particular critical problems should not let us lose sight of the massive movement of Joyce's river flowing forever into the sea.

The Elusive Personal Message

A DANCE IN THE SUN. By Dan Jacobson. Harcourt Brace. $3.50.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

IN FAMILIES, there are stories about ancestors one barely missed knowing—the grandmother who died the year you were born; the seafaring grandfather who went down with the ship in the second year of your infancy. Beyond their points of individual heroism or sadness, such stories seem always to contain a personal message, if only one could be certain what the message is.

A Dance in the Sun has this quality. The second novel—his first was *The Trap*—by an intelligent writer known for his short stories in the *New Yorker* and elsewhere, this is the story of two South African whites, college boys, who fall in by chance with a middle-aged man and his wife, the wife's brother, and their Kaffir boy, Joseph. The central incident is of a few days' duration, and the account of it is economical. The novel is just over two hundred pages.

But Mr. Jacobson's account is also tense and supple, and with splendid dexterity turns first one facet of the story, then another, to speak volumes. By the simple device of direct statement, the author avoids the common pitfall of apparent contrivance. He does not allow the annoyance of feeling that either he or the protagonist and narrator possesses unusual psychological insight, unusual sensitivity, or even unusual curiosity, yet the net effect of the story is of depths sounded, intangibles touched.

A second interesting aspect of Mr. Jacobson's book is one that marks certain recent novels by young Indian and Oriental writers. Suddenly the exoticism of remote lands and peoples begins to fade. No longer do the races subject to the Western world hint unfathomable mysteries in their terse comments, their dark, inscrutable eyes.

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Now their comments are quite understandable, their eyes gone all scrutable. It represents, perhaps, a decline in Western *gaucherie,* perhaps a diminishing of fear.

A Dance in the Sun, like the ancestor stories, leaves its final point hanging only because one cannot estimate, or even assimilate, everything. For a good family narrator or an accomplished writer like this one, the "who, when, where, how" questions are easy enough. The "why" and the "what"—what *really* did happen?—are the relicts of inscrutability, as, to make a good story, they should be. In this respect, though their techniques could hardly differ more, Mr. Jacobson is most happily reminiscent of Henry James.

Poetry of Prose

THE RIPENING SEED. By Colette. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $3.

By ALICE SAXON

THE EARLY pages of this book carry overtones of austerity, of the predominance of azure blue, eternal rocks and sea spray, the eminent beauty of a pair of children —all promising a tale of classic lines. And then we learn that Colette's hero and heroine who are to enact a universal experience are happily (for herein lies the story's vigor) not pastoral conceptions; not rustics or a pair of seaside waifs or what have you, but a couple of solid little Parisians ("intelligent little bourgeois" says Colette). Their parents share a villa by the sea each summer; friends of long standing, they sit in the evenings playing cards and laughing easily at their children. For Phil and Vinca the summer is flanked by dire concern for exams, matriculation, a fall wardrobe for the city. But in the interim, with the alacrity of hares, they assume the coloring of their pastoral-seaside environment.

The temporality of this setting converges with the temporality of their roles as restless, unhappy young lovers. Someday they too will be playing cards in grateful tranquility (all evidence points to this), but now it is as if the ill-fitting edges of childhood and adolescence can strike a spark, a flare that illumines a Philippe Audebert and a Vinca Ferret until they become Phil and Vinca, or Daphne and Chloe or Adam and Eve, a very young Adam and Eve.

The drama that takes place is a triangular pattern of transference. These two are enthralled in their childhood love, a relationship of blissful, tyrannical purity; their growth is bursting it asunder. Colette's all-pervading assumption is that Vinca, the girl, will come into possession of her woman's heritage directly and instinctively. But Philippe's route to manhood will be agonized and circuitous. He is innocent of any suspicion of the mingling of passion and pure love; he cannot guess, nor can he bear to admit, that there is a common bond between the exotic courtesan who "kidnaps" and initiates him, and the Vinca whose cheek has received from him a matter-of-fact and indifferently aimed goodnight kiss every summer evening of their childhood.

What can be said of this character delineation by gender, of Colette's predilection to exploit the eternal mother image in the girl, the child image in the boy? That these images constitute her oddest, tenderest moments—when she can see Philippe in the embraces of a Madame Dalleray but wailing in alarm at her queries, "I'm only sixteen and a half!" or when Vinca of the scarred knees and fishing togs reeking of iodine can say quietly to Philippe, "All the time you're teasing and tormenting me . . . at least I have you near me."

And with due justness Colette elucidates the unique problems they have fallen heir to: Vinca at fifteen, declared ready for marriage by her family, has assumed, a little demurely, the housework, the sewing, the sorting of clothes. Philippe at sixteen looks unbelievingly ahead to years of passing exams, military service, an apprenticeship in business, "hundreds and hundreds of days. . . ." He has many worlds to conquer and she but one and already in possession of it.

We are told of Philippe drowsily surveying the Breton landscape, then slipping into one of those strange, excruciating moments when we become victims of a sudden onslaught of sensitivity, when every minutiae is a source of anguish and pleasure, nostalgia for the present as if it were the past. He cannot define or understand his feelings nor does he pay heed to Vinca who is roaming also in the midst of this beauty; "a child of sixteen would not know how to call for succour to another child, herself perhaps in a similar predicament," comments Colette. And this moment is exactly penultimate to the authoritative greeting of Madame Dalleray—the walking stick, the white high heels on Philippe's path. This quiet felicity of detail, wherein the structure of the passing moment anticipates the larger theme, is Colette's achievement: the shell within a shell which makes poetry of prose.

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To the Silly Eye

THINGS OF THIS WORLD. By Richard Wilbur. Harcourt Brace and Co. $3.

By JOHN LOGAN

IT IS a commonplace of contemporary criticism that Richard Wilbur is one of our few important talents under forty. Indeed, he shares with Robert Lowell alone the palm of T. S. Eliot who, in language which is perhaps genial—even warm—for the British publisher, "admits to continuing respect" for Wilbur.

I share this respect, and Wilbur's third book, *Things of This World,* will certainly advance his reputation, for it contains ten or a dozen fine poems; but I am not warm to many of these pieces and I think the reason is simply that they do not require any such response as love or hate. I don't refer to their self-sufficiency, for that is a condition of any good art as it is of a blessed life. What I mean is this: few of the poems speak for me as the saint speaks for the sinner and the major poet for the needy fool.

More generally, there is a night side of a man which civilization cows but which is itself indispensable to the progress and building of civilizations and to all the other arts of man as well. "In the realm of mind," wrote Freud, "the primitive type is . . . commonly preserved alongside the transformations which have developed out of it." Believe me, there is little evidence of this "primitive type" and consequently little transfiguring of it in these poems of Wilbur's. To that extent they are false to the power of his famous "The Death of a Toad" and to the profundity of his earlier "Ceremony." Still, it may be that every one of the new pieces is true to the sentence of the latter poem: "But ceremony never did conceal/ Save to the silly eye, which all allows,/ How much we are the woods we wander in." If so, I prove to have one of those "silly eyes," or fool's eyes—something I already admitted to in a way.

One surprising exception—there are others—to Wilbur's ignoring of the dark is his handling of imagery drawn from cast-off clothing, laundry, and washwater—fleshy things which he subjects to the most amazing and spiritualizing transformations in several beautiful poems: at least one earlier one, "The Terrace," and at least three in the present book—"Love Calls Us to the Things of This World," "Sonnet," and "A Plain Song for Comadre." It is gratifying to relate one of the concerns of Wilbur to the themes of the young "kitchen artists" of contemporary Britain and Europe, a group I admire for their willingness to find in the less spiritual parts of the house human things in need of art. I don't know, however, that any of them has followed a style of treatment analogous to the famed elegance of Wilbur's.

I find Wilbur at his best in poems where he employs stanzaic forms of widely varied line lengths, a practice he follows more generously in this book: the advantage of this is that it heightens the rhythm and action, through allowing more opportunity for enjambment, and breaks up the monotony of his decasyllabic lines. These precious stanzas are a happy product of Wilbur's "genie in the bottle" theory of poetry. But once in a while one wishes for more evidence of the alternate theory, "the bottle in the genius."

Symptom or Cause

THE CUP OF FURY. By Upton Sinclair. Channel Press. $3.

By SEYMOUR KRIM

"I WAS raised in a virtual sea of liquor," writes Upton Sinclair, age seventy-eight and as peppy as a boy. "First it was my father. Then no fewer than three of my uncles. Then one friend after another, all of them destroying themselves. I put before the public this tragic record of a half-century of genius, twisted and tortured by drink."

This Mr. Sinclair does in his clear-eyed tract, and the record of well-known friends of his who ended disastrously is grim. Whether alcohol

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was the cause or the symptom in the downfall of Jack London, Hart Crane, O. Henry, Isadora Duncan (yes, a surprise to find this great woman among the boys), Dylan Thomas and many others is not made completely clear by this brave old man. But that it accompanied the ruin of the gifted, as well as the ordinary, is substantiated play-by-play by Mr. Sinclair. He has never touched a drop, except once when he had a cold, and it certainly did him no harm to abstain, judging by his enormous energy, zest for life and boy-scoutish Christian zeal.

Mr. Sinclair laces into the alcohol manufacturers, their lobbies and seductive advertisements, and precisely because he is old-fashioned he makes the reader see it with his eyes. Perhaps a little too starkly and unrelentingly, but drawing on a morgue list that puts fear and sadness into one because of the dreadful end of so many golden boys and girls, Sinclair sees no virtue at all in alcohol.

And if it could ever be proved that it was drink alone that led to the desperate ends of Sinclair's literary friends, from Jack London's suicide to Fitzgerald's fatal dipsomania, one would feel justified in shutting down the bars and boarding up the the whiskey shops. But the facts appear to be a little more complex than Mr. Sinclair allows; Dreiser, for example, was an occasional boozer and lived well into his seventies before giving up the ghost; Whitman had his wine, Grant his whiskey, F.D.R. his Martini, Churchill his champagne, and all accomplished some impressive work. One does not have to drink the entire bottle to get a pleasant lift. But some people have to, and do, and it is as a witness to these ruthless drinkers that Sinclair takes his absolute stand.

Mr. Sinclair is not psychology-minded in trying to root out the underlying causes, however, and, while he is a good man and a moral one, he sees black and white where the rest of us can't help noticing a beige. Nevertheless, his book takes the blinders off for liberal, tolerant, amateur drinkers and shows them the ugly hell that can wait for the professional. This is not at all pleasant, liberal, tolerant or glamorous.

If you admire people like Hart Crane, Sinclair Lewis, Edna St. Vincent Millay or other outstanding personalities of the twenties, this book will give you the shivers. As Sinclair says with a brevity that tells the whole story, "[Some] died so miserably that it is hard to remember they were once loved and applauded." But in spite of this Mr. Sinclair doesn't persuade me that drink in itself is bad—like anything else, to be trite, it depends on the proportion. Someone who wants to destroy himself can do it on Coca-Cola, if he's diligent.

REVIEWERS

Michael Harrington writes regularly for various political and cultural magazines.

Jean Holzhauer is a regular reviewer for The Commonweal.

Alice Saxon is a frequent contributor to The Commonweal.

John Logan recently published his first book of poems, *A Cycle for Mother Cabrini*.

Seymour Krim is a well-known critic and anthologist.

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Approach to Politics, I

Once man has understood that in reality politics depends on morality because its end is the human good of the community, he sees at the very same moment that to want justice and law in politics is to want a great revolution which will replace the politics of power for the masters, men, states or nations, by the politics of the common good, over which the people itself must watch, as being the main party interested. A community of free men cannot live if its spiritual foundation is not, essentially, law. Machiavellianism and the politics of domination, which consider justice and law as sure means of losing everything, are the born-enemies of a community of free men.

What is gained for the secular conscience, if it does not swing to barbarism, is its condemnation of the politics of domination and of iniquitous and perverse means of ruling nations; it is the profound feeling that justice fosters order, and that injustice is the worst disorder, and that the cause of the well-being and freedom of the people and the cause of political justice are substantially connected.

Under the evangelical inspiration, often ignored, but nevertheless active, the secular conscience has awakened not only to the dignity of the human person, but also to the aspirations and the urge which are at work in the depths of man. The person, in itself a root of independence, but plunged into the constraints that come from material nature within and outside of man, tends to overcome these constraints and achieve its freedom of autonomy. When it is known that we are all created for blessedness, death no longer holds any terror; but then it is impossible to become resigned to the oppression and enslavement of one's brother, and one aspires, for the very life of mankind on earth, to a state of emancipation in conformity with man's dignity.

JACQUES MARITAIN
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